THE

Beggars GARLAND;

In Three PARTS.

PART I. How a Merchant left his Son at his Death to the Care of a rich Knight, together with Ten Thousand Pounds, in order to marry the Knight's Daughter, when the Children came to Age.

PART II. How the covetous Knight hir'd a Beggar to kill the Child; instead of which the Beggar and his Wife stole the Knight's Daughter Susan, and married the two Children together.

PART III. The comical Wedding, and how the Matter came to be discovered to the Knight, who was outwitted by the honest Beggar.

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THE BEGGARS GARLAND.

PART I.

ALL you that delight in a Jeſt that is true,
Give hear to theſe Lines I unfold unto you;
I'm ſure you will ſmile when the ſame you do hear,
This frolick was acted in fair Dorſetſhire.

A noble Knight of Renown once lived there,
And he had a Daughter of Beauty moſt clear;
Hard by liv'd a Merchant who had Riches great ſtore,
And he had a Son whom he much did adore.

This Knight and Merchant were Neighbours ſo near
In Friendſhip did live, and lov'd each other dear;
And they had agreed theſe ſweet Infants fair,
Should be Man and Wife when come to ripe Years.

The Merchant fell ſick and his Lady likewiſe,
They ſent for the Knight with Tears in their Eyes,
Saying, with the World we ſhortly ſhall part,
And leave our ſweet Baby, the joy of our Hearts.

I hope if we leave this ſweet Babe to your care,
And all our Eſtate and Worldly Affairs;
You'll take care of him when we're laid in the Grave,
And furthermore grant us the Thing we do crave.

That you will not break your Promise to me,
But give your fair Daughter his Bride for to be;
But if he dies e'er to Age he does come,
Then all that I leave shall be as your own.

To the Church of England I'd have him be brought,
To serve his blest Maker pray let him be taught;
That we may meet together in Heaven above,
Dear Sir, said the Knight, for our friendship and love.

What has pass'd between us I'll take special Care,
How I do bring up your only Son and Heir;
And if that so long the Lord does give me Life,
My beautiful Daughter I'll give him to Wife.

And so for the Babes they sent with all speed,
The Merchant he cry'd, now my Heart it doth bleed,
To leave you behind me, but it must be done,
For Death calls me hence, and my Glass it is run.

The Will being made, I'm content he did say,
He kiss'd those sweet Babes with Lips cold as Clay;
So both in one Minute did yield up their Breath,
The happiest Couple that e'er liv'd on Earth.

The Merchant and Wife being laid in one Grave,
He took home their Child and kept it most brave;
The Knight's fair Daughter and the Merchant's Son,
Became all the talk of the neighbouring Towns.

These Children they lov'd each other so dear,
This covetous Knight began for to fear;
His Promise, which he did count but a Jest,
He now must perform, which disturbed his Rest.

My Daughter, said he, is a Beauty most bright,
And she will be fit for a Lord or a Knight;
But ten thousand Pounds more is left to the Boy,
So I must find a Means his Life to destroy.

PART II.

HE hired a Beggar this Child for to kill,
The innocent Babes they thinking no ill,
As they with innocent Sport were at Play,
With a treacherous laugh this falſe Knight did ſay,

Come, Jemmy, will you go to take the freſh Air,
And I worthy Sir, ſays the Daughter ſo fair;
For to gather Daſies with Jemmy I'll go,
Her Father he anſwer'd, it muſt not be ſo.

You muſt ſtay at home till we come back again,
This innocent Child like a Lamb to be ſlain,
Did go with the Beggar many a long Mile,
At length unto him he ſaid with a Smile.

Pray where are you going, Sir? tell unto me,
Muſt I go no more pretty Suſan to ſee?
His innocent talk made the Beggar relent,
So home to his Wife with the Child ſtrait he went.

He told her the Story, the Woman ſhe ſaid,
He is a ſweet Creature a well-favour'd Babe;
A begging now with us, I ſay let him go,
We'll call him our Son, let us order it ſo.

But five years of age now was this Merchant's Son,
Yet he for the loſs of ſweet Suſan did mourn;
The Beggarman's Wife to her Huſband did ſay,
Come let us contrive to ſteal Suſan away.

It will be but Juſtice to that cruel Man,
That wants his ſweet innocent Life to trapan;
The Beggar to Dorſet then inſtantly went,
To ſteal this young Lady he was fully bent.

He brought her ten Miles till he came to a Town,
Then stript off her cloaths that she might not be known
And over the Hedge he then threw them indeed,
So homeward at Night he did hasten with speed.

In two or three Days he arriv'd at his Cell,
Where a noble Legion of Beggars did dwell,
Where we will now leave these two Lovers so young,
And go to the Knight who does bitterly mourn.

A Hue and Cry he sent to every Town,
For finding his Daughter five Hundred Pounds;
They brought the Cloaths they had found in the field,
Which made him believe his Daughter was kill'd.

Now Heaven, he cry'd, I do see it is just,
The innocent Babe which I had in my Trust,
His Blood calls for Vengeance, I have my Desart,
I've lost my dear Daughter, the Joy of my Heart.

So now let us leave this false Traitor to mourn,
Who wander'd about like a Man that's forlorn;
And turn to sweet Jemmy and Susan also,
Who along with the rest now a mumping does go.

The Beggar he for them his Children does own,
The dutifuleſt Babes that ever was known;
Which pleas'd them so well to old Doll he did say,
The Money that was given me this Babe to slay.

He shall have for his Portion, and twice as much more,
And since that each other they do so adore,
If that they do live to the Age of eighteen,
We'll have the nobleſt Wedding that ever was seen.

For Susan and Jemmy in Marriage we'll join,
Do not me controul, for this Frolick is mine;
A Score of bold Suitors I mean shall be there,
We will keep this Wedding in fair Dorsetshire.

We will blaze it abroad that on such a Day,
A brave Beggars Wedding there is for to be;
The Gentry will be eager to see such a Sight,
And if he is living that perjured Knight.

When the Wedding is done, and all is o'er,
I'll send this young Couple unto his own Door;
And make him a Present of his Daughter dear,
And tell him it is Jemmy his Son and his Heir.

Old Doll she was pleased to hear him say so,
So merrily they out a cruising did go;
For thirteen long Years they at that Rate did run,
At length the fix'd Time of the Wedding did come.

PART III.

THE richest Attire that ever was bought,
With Gold and Silver was richly wrought,
For the Bride and the Bridegroom they then did prepare
And took their Journey to fair Dorsetshire.

A Score of the best that belong'd to their Tribe,
They took along with them to honour the Bride:
The lame with their Crutches, the halt and the blind,
Were plac'd in good Order to follow behind.

And when they had been two or three days in Town
The Fame of the wedding was spread up and down,
The Rich and the Poor being curious to see,
And many resolv'd the Bride Guests to be.

He hir'd the noblest Hall in the Town,
That Rich and Poor might have Room to sit down,
But Susan and Jemmy was kept up secure,
Till they in their Splendor appear'd at the Door.

Some Hundreds of People ſtood there for to gaze,
At the ſight of the Couple were ſtruck with amaze;
For ſhe did appear like an Angel Divine,
And he all the reſt of his Sex did out-ſhine.

Old Doll and her Huſband they follow'd the Bride,
With a Budget of Bread and Cheeſe by their Side;
And after came hopping the Blind and the Lame,
Such a Wedding in England ſure never was ſeen.

This couple they were not aſham'd of their Gueſts,
Becauſe they nothing did know of their Birth;
Being joined in Marriage they both did return,
And now for the Paſtime Sir, they had at home.

They furniſh'd a Table with their wedding Cheer,
And mumpt on the Road coming to Dorſetſhire,
Good Rind of fat Bacon, and nice mouldy Cheeſe,
And Noggins of Ale, Boys, as much as you pleaſe.

Dinner being done, up ſtarts one of the Gueſts,
And pull'd out his Bag-pipes, and ſo play'd his beſt,
The Lame and the Blind fell a Dancing the Hay,
The Gentry flock'd in as they would to a Play.

Amongſt the reſt came that treacherous Knight,
Fixing his Eyes on his Daughter ſo bright;
His Heart it did flutter and throb in his Breaſt,
His Spirits were ſeiz'd, and his Mind was oppreſt.

Old Doll cry'd, we muſt have a dance with the bride
Come play me a merry Horn-pipe, ſhe cry'd,
Which Suſan perform'd with ſo noble a Grace,
She won the Praiſe of all that was in the Place.

Welcome, ſaid the old Man 'tis a Child of my own,
Come, jovial Piper, play up the other Tune;
A health to the Bridegroom paſs it round the Room,
Tho' a Beggar he is, he's a Merchant's dear Son.

The Knight hearing this, ſtept up to the Bride,
Let me ſpeak with you, fair Creature he cry'd;
If you have the mark of the Roſe on your Breaſt,
You are my dear Child, and a Lady by Birth.

She ſhew'd him the Mark, he immediately cry'd,
Conduct home the beautiful Bridegroom and Bride;
For this is my Child that's been miſſing ſo long,
And her loving Huſband the Merchant's young Son.

Bring your Gueſts now unto my own home,
I'll kindly receive, and when that I've done,
I'll tell all the World of my treacherous deed,
For who can deny what the Heaven's decreed.

The Cripples they ſnatch'd up their Crutches and ran,
To ſee what ſtrange miracles there had been done,
Her Father confeſs'd the whole Matter that Night,
All praiſed the Beggar that ſav'd the Child's Life.

The Knight they upbraided with his baſe Crimes,
With Grief he did die within a little Time;
And left this young Couple ſix Thouſand a Year,
Who are ſtill call'd the Beggars of fair Derſetſhire.

Old Doll and her Huſband in Splendor did dwell,
The Couple they loved each other full well;
Ye Miſers that are of a covetous Mind,
Strive not to prevent what the Heaven's deſign.

FINIS.